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BATTLEWORLD DOMAIN MUTOPIA

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THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD!**

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

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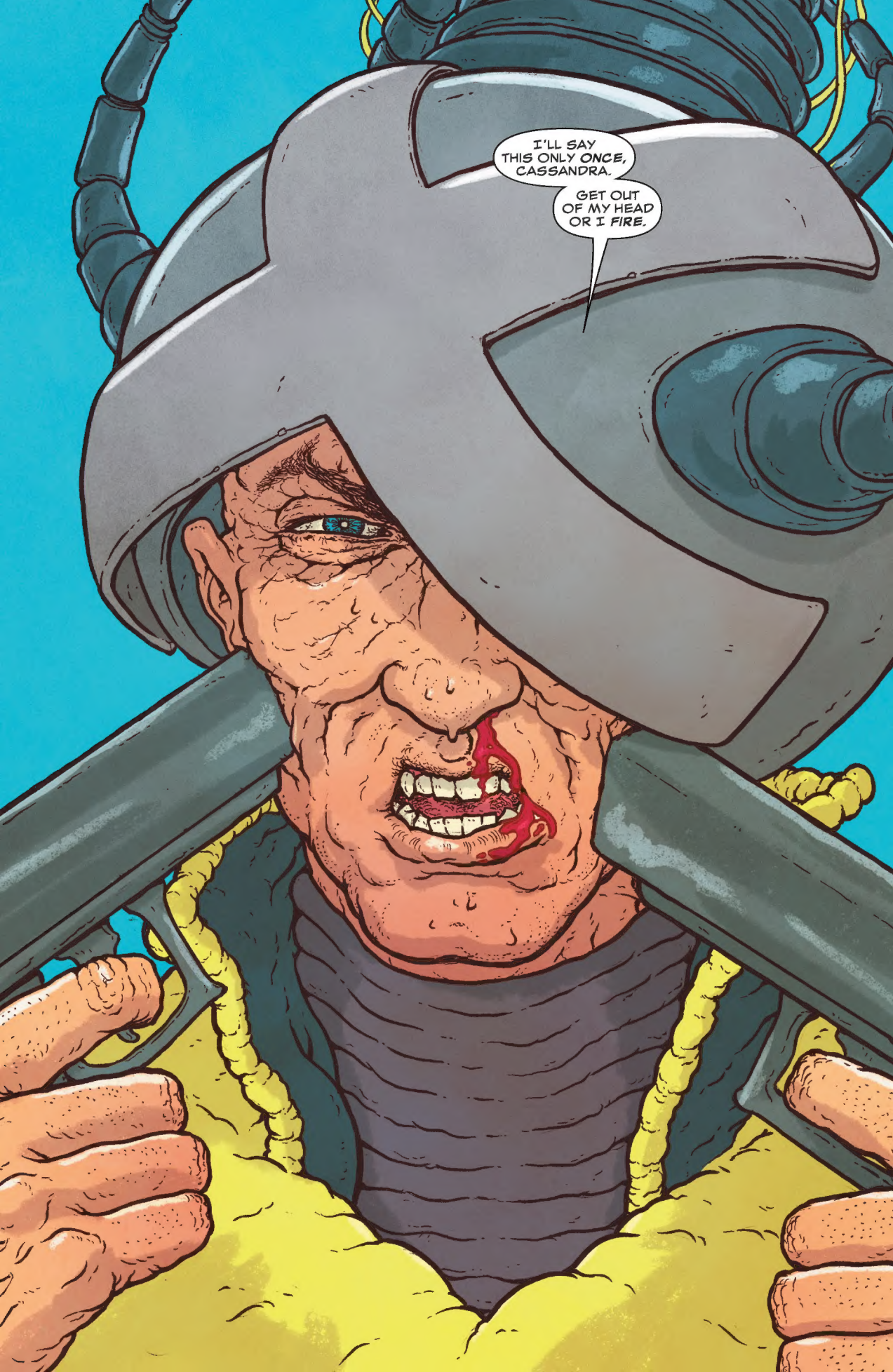
I'LL SAY THIS ONLY ONCE, CASSANDRA.
GET OUT OF MY HEAD OR I FIRE.

RELAX and be REPLACED

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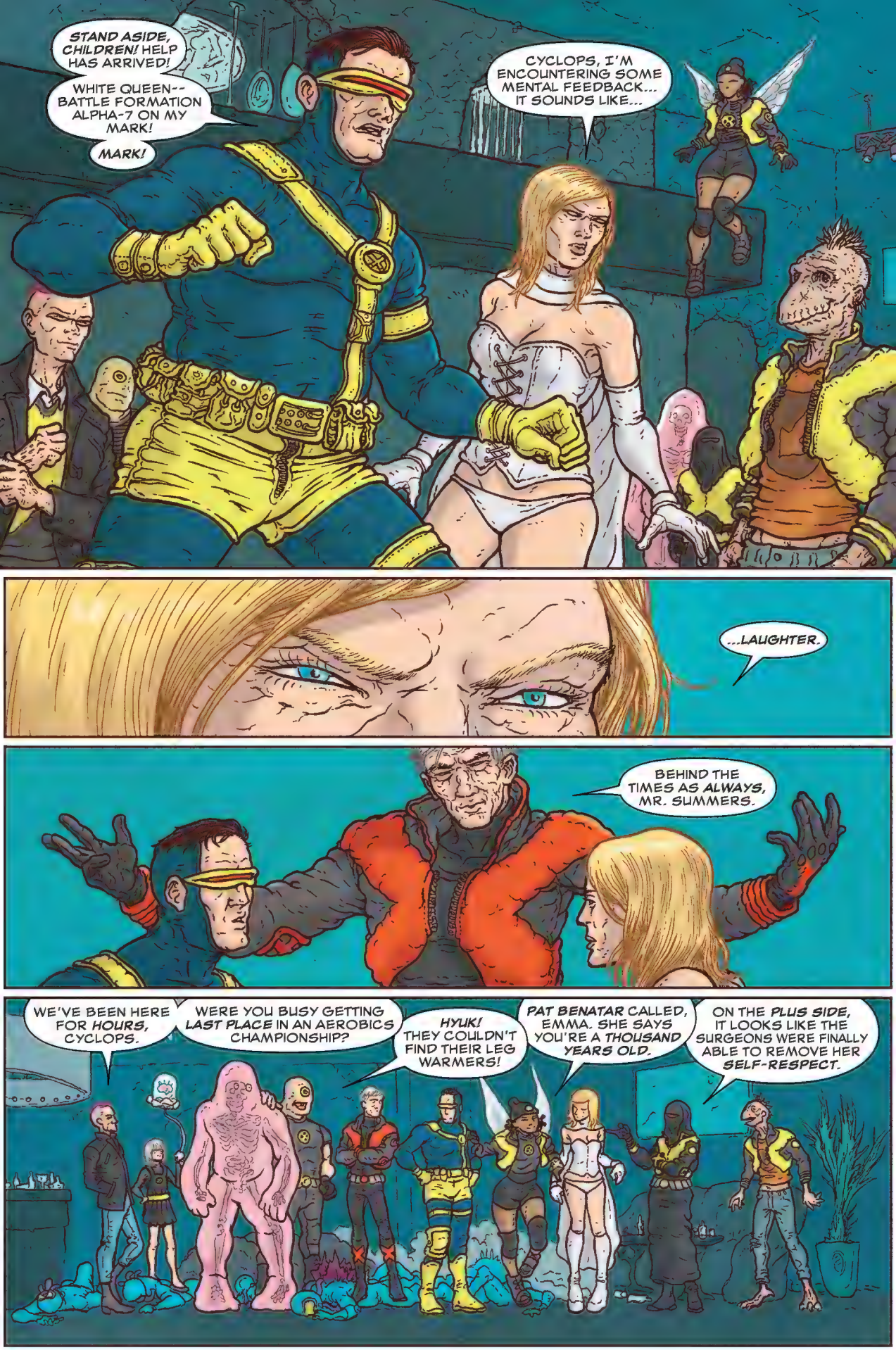
X years later.
CLUB MORLOX.
I LOVE YOUR JACKET, BEAK.
I LOVE YOUR SHIRT.
IT'S VERY... INSTRUCTIVE.
WOW! UH, MAYBE WE COULD, UH...
LISTEN UP, YOU SPOILED, UNDESERVING BRATS!
OH!
WHAT THE--?!
DAMMIT. BLOCKED AGAIN.
SORRY, LADIES--DUTY CALLS.

MUTANTS--LOOK AT YOU. ALL THOSE AMAZING POWERS AND ABILITIES.
YOU'VE BEEN HANDED THE WHOLE WORLD ON A PLATE. AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YOUR GENETIC GIFTS?
YOU HAVE SQUANDERED THEM ON CHEAP THRILLS AND BACCHANALIA. AND PROVEN YOURSELVES UNWORTHY OF YOUR DOOM-GIVEN TALENTS.
NOW WE, THE WORTHY, THE PATIENT, HAVE COME TO TAKE THEM FROM YOU!
WE'RE NOT HERE FOR YOUR LIVES, WE'RE HERE FOR YOUR TALENTS.
IF NOBODY MOVES, WE WILL MAKE THIS AS QUICK AND PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE.
RESIST US, AND WE'LL BOIL YOU ALIVE IN YOUR OWN SKIN.

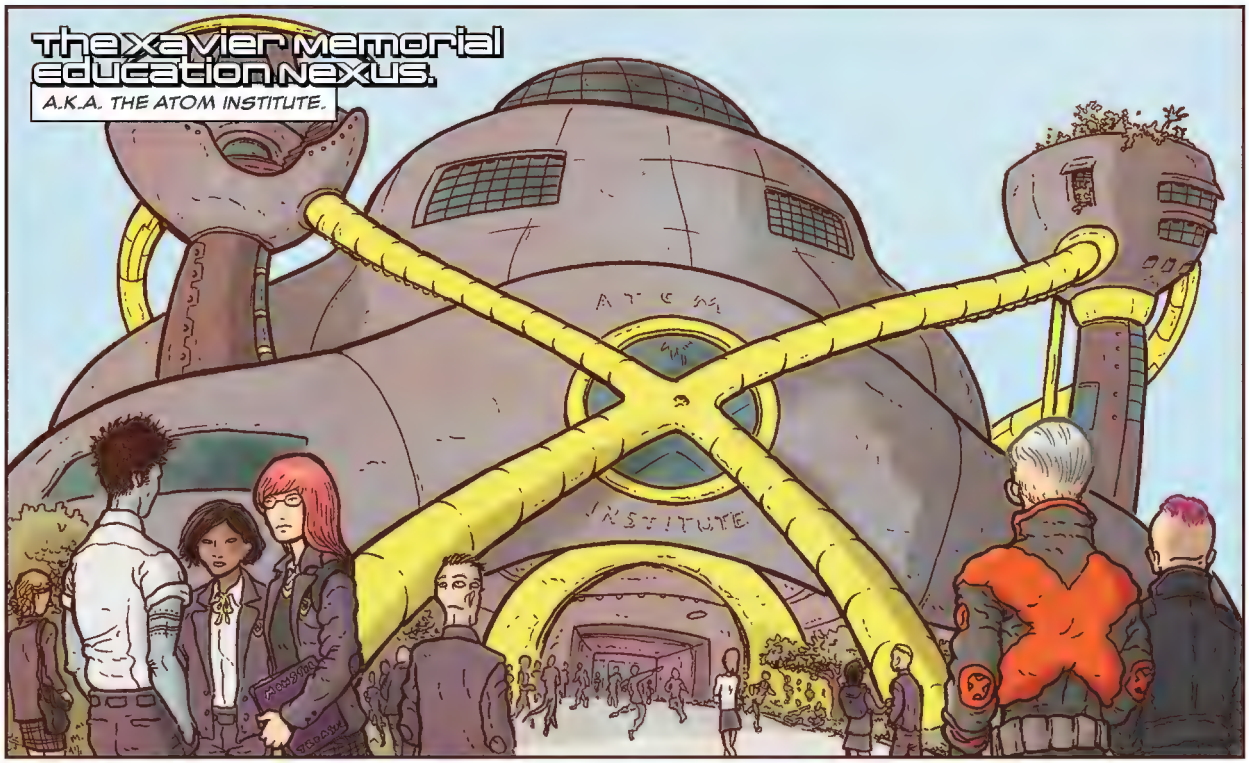
I LIKE THIS ONE'S EYES! REMINDS ME OF MY UNCLE'S LAVA LAMP!
GUESS YOU WON'T MISS THEM MUCH, THEN.
N-N-NOOOO! PLEASE! I CAN BARELY EVEN SEE! MY EYES ARE USELESS!
GGGAAAHHH!
QUIT YOUR WHINING! IT'LL ALL BE OVER SOON.
HANG TIGHT, BUDDY. HELP IS ON THE W--
WHUUU--?!
UNFFF!
GAH!
NNNGHH!
UKKK--!
CRSH
TO ME...

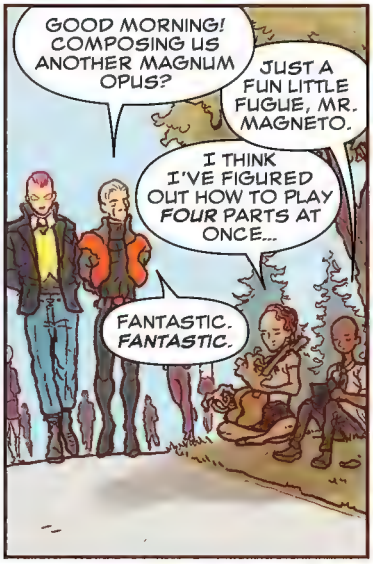
---MY X-MEN.
THESE WANNABE MUTANTS WANT A TASTE OF OUR POWER.
GIVE IT TO THEM.
THAT MEANS ATTACK, RIGHT? HYUK!
WHAT THE--? NO!
BLAM
YOUR MIND-CONTROL BLOCKS ARE USELESS AGAINST ME, U-MAN. NOW TURN THE GUN ON YOURSELF...
HYUK! THAT QUENTIN IS HARDCORE!
REJOICING AT THE LOSS OF ANY LIFE IS SHAMEFUL, BASILISK.
AGGHH!
AIIEE!
HYUK! "AIIEE!" WHAT IF THEY JUST BREAK THEIR LEGS? CAN I LAUGH AT THAT, SOORAYA?

HAD ENOUGH?
AKKHH! MY SKULL...! MERCY! MERCY!
KRRNCH
MERCY?
MERCY?!
THIS IS MY MERCY.
GEEZ!
QUIT BEING SUCH A WUSS, LOVER BOY. I THOUGHT YOU LIKED DEATH METAL. MURDER AND CHAINS.
THAT'S DIFFERENT, ANGEL.
AND DON'T THINK FOR A SECOND THAT I CAN'T SMELL THAT TRAMPY PERFUME ON YOU.


STAND ASIDE, CHILDREN! HELP HAS ARRIVED!
WHITE QUEEN-- BATTLE FORMATION ALPHA-7 ON MY MARK!
MARK!
CYCLOPS, I'M ENCOUNTERING SOME MENTAL FEEDBACK... IT SOUNDS LIKE...
...LAUGHTER.
BEHIND THE TIMES AS ALWAYS, MR. SUMMERS.
WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS, CYCLOPS.
WERE YOU BUSY GETTING LAST PLACE IN AN AEROBICS CHAMPIONSHIP?
HYUK! THEY COULDN'T FIND THEIR LEG WARMERS!
PAT BENATAR CALLED, EMMA. SHE SAYS YOU'RE A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.
ON THE PLUS SIDE, IT LOOKS LIKE THE SURGEONS WERE FINALLY ABLE TO REMOVE HER SELF-RESPECT.

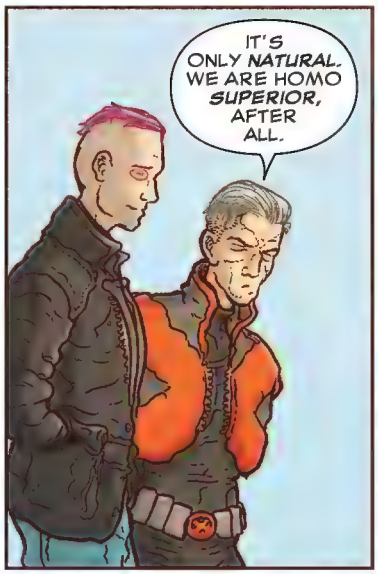
YOU--! I SUSPECT YOU'RE NOT MODEST, JUST ABSOLUTELY HIDEOUS. LET'S FIND OUT!
HOW DARE YOU!
SCOTT! OPTIFFFKK REFRACMMFFTT!
RIGHT!
OPTICAL REFRACTION ATTACK!
AH. THE PETTY BICKERING. NO WONDER YOU AND CHARLES NEVER ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING. I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO SET SUCH AN EXAMPLE FOR MY STUDENTS.
LEAVE.

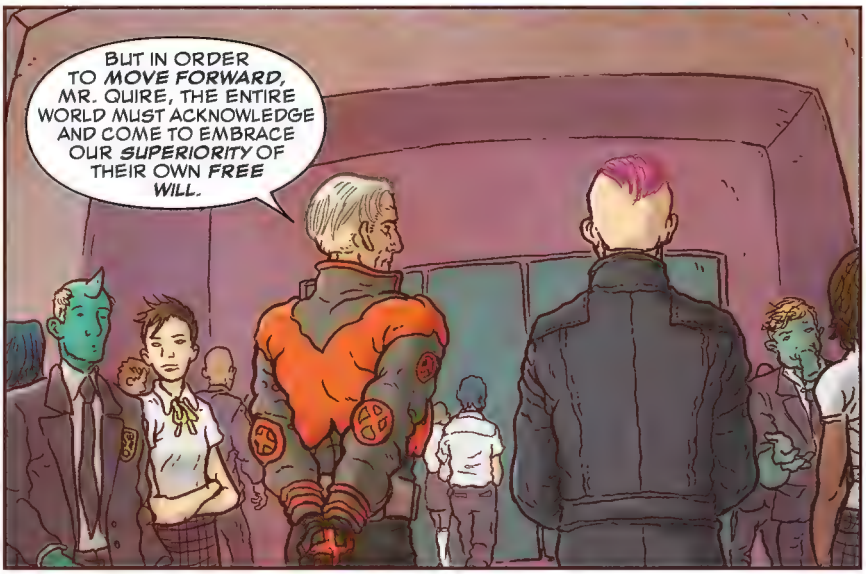

the xavier memorial education nexus.
A.K.A. THE ATOM INSTITUTE.
INSTITUTE

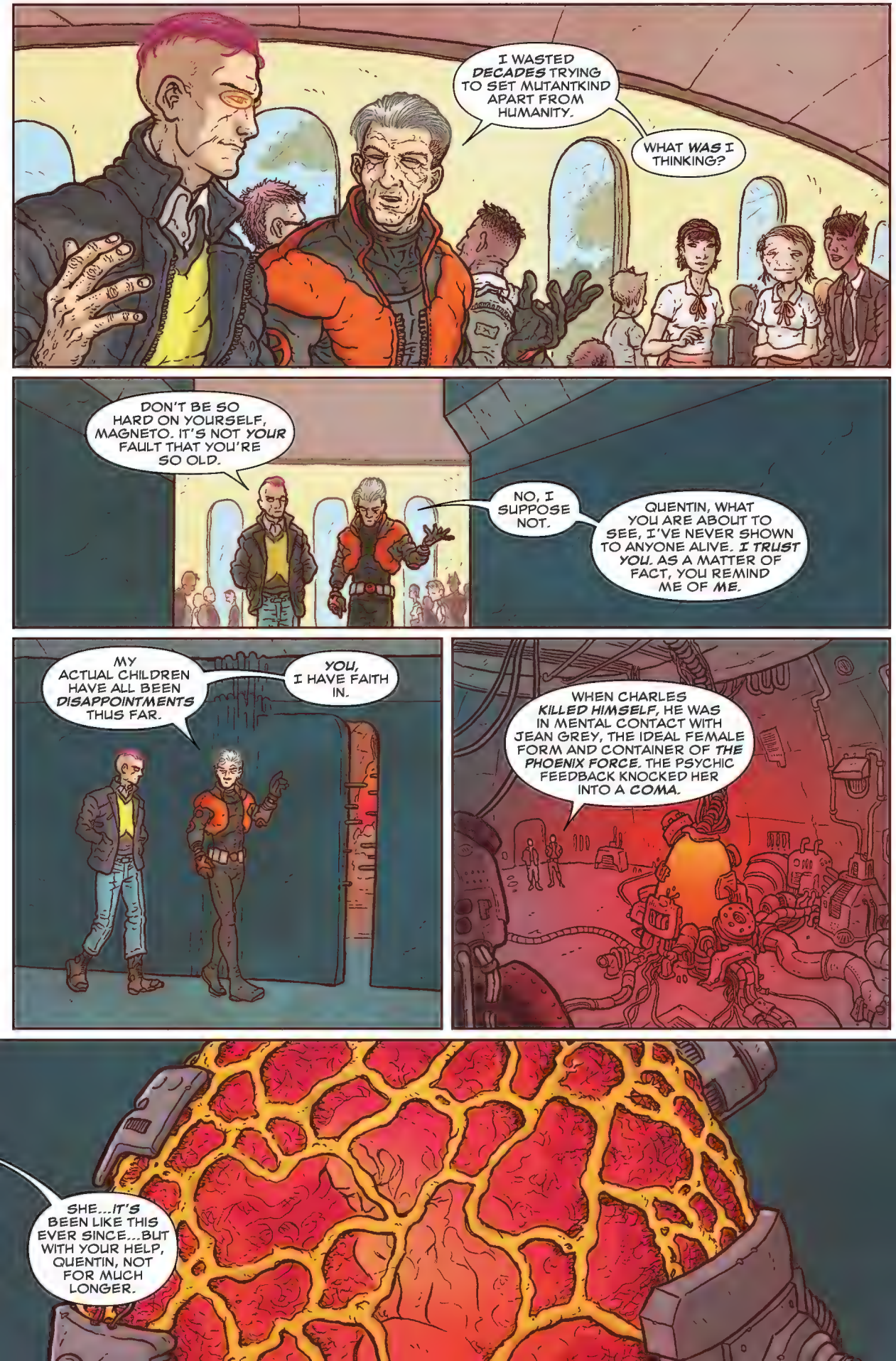

GOOD MORNING! COMPOSING US ANOTHER MAGNUM OPUS?
JUST A FUN LITTLE FUGUE, MR. MAGNETO.
I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO PLAY FOUR PARTS AT ONCE...
FANTASTIC. FANTASTIC.

THAT BOY. THE COMPOSER. HE WAS A FLATSCAN, WASN'T HE?

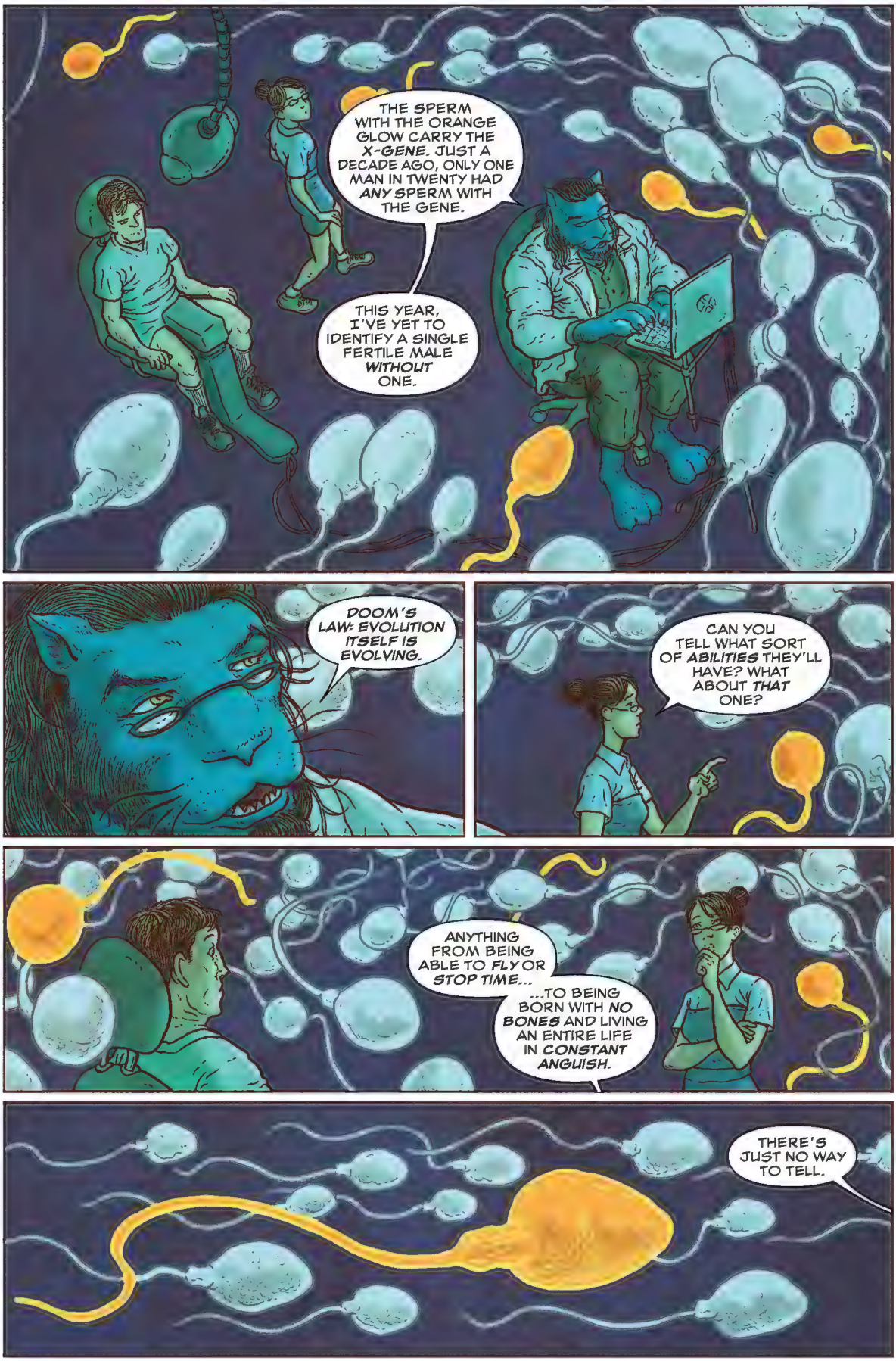
MR. QUIRE, SO LONG AS THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY EXCEPTIONAL, ALL ARE WELCOME AT THE ATOM INSTITUTE.
WE CARE NOT WHAT SPECIES THEY ARE FROM.
ARE YOU PRACTICING FOR A PRESS CONFERENCE? THE SCHOOL IS OVER 90 PERCENT MUTANT.


IT'S ONLY NATURAL. WE ARE HOMO SUPERIOR, AFTER ALL.

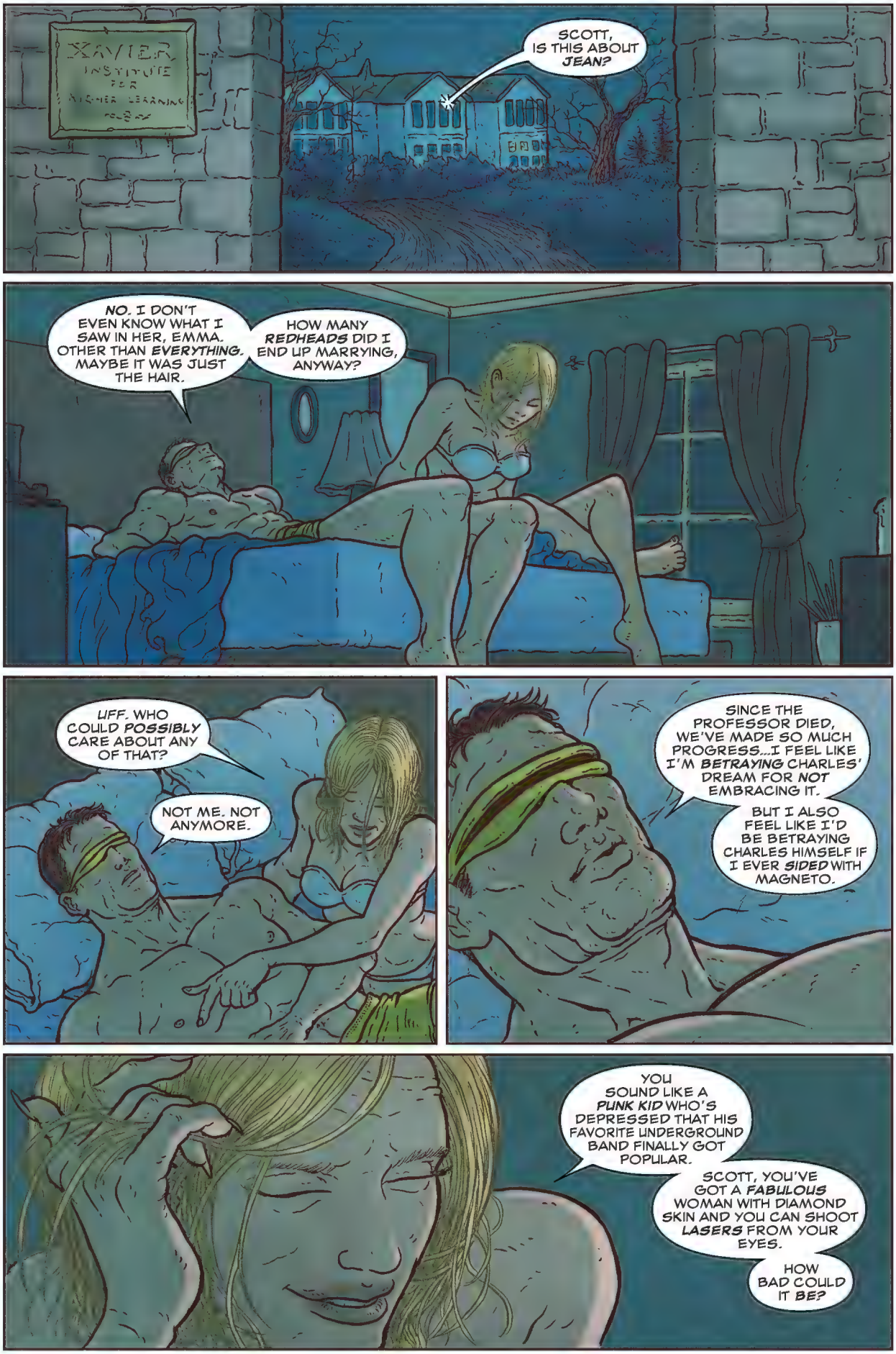

BUT IN ORDER TO MOVE FORWARD, MR. QUIRE, THE ENTIRE WORLD MUST ACKNOWLEDGE AND COME TO EMBRACE OUR SUPERIORITY OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL.

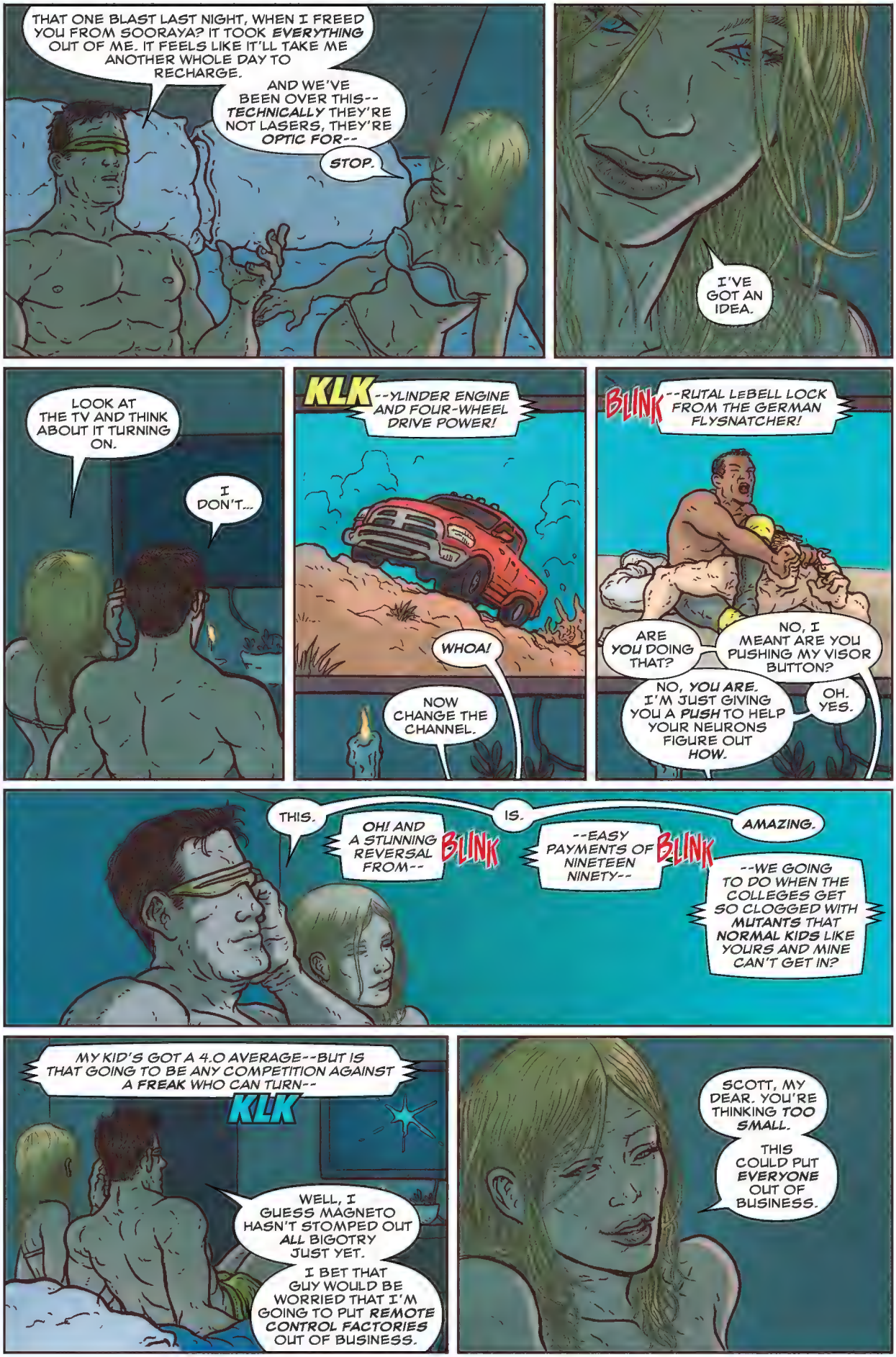

I WASTED DECADES TRYING TO SET MUTANTKIND APART FROM HUMANITY.
WHAT WAS I THINKING?
DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF, MAGNETO. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT THAT YOU'RE SO OLD.
NO, I SUPPOSE NOT.
QUENTIN, WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE, I'VE NEVER SHOWN TO ANYONE ALIVE. I TRUST YOU. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU REMIND ME OF ME.
MY ACTUAL CHILDREN HAVE ALL BEEN DISAPPOINTMENTS THUS FAR.
YOU, I HAVE FAITH IN.
WHEN CHARLES KILLED HIMSELF, HE WAS IN MENTAL CONTACT WITH JEAN GREY, THE IDEAL FEMALE FORM AND CONTAINER OF THE PHOENIX FORCE. THE PSYCHIC FEEDBACK KNOCKED HER INTO A COMA.
SHE...IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS EVER SINCE...BUT WITH YOUR HELP, QUENTIN, NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.

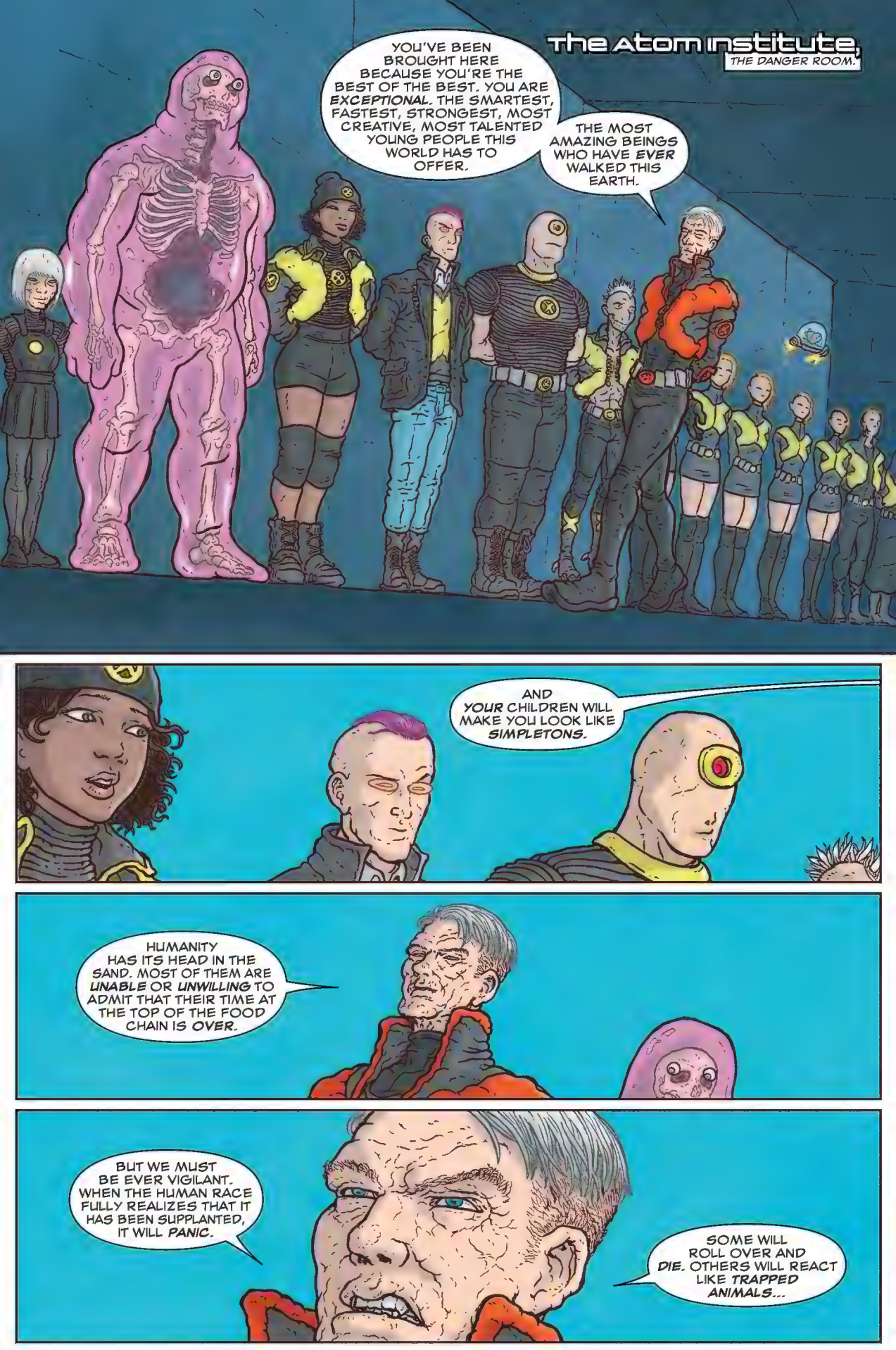
Mutopia Medical Center.
YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE.
OUR NEIGHBOR HAD A MUTANT, AND THE CHILD IS ALREADY DESIGNING QUANTUM STORAGE ARCHITECTURE AT THE AGE OF SEVEN. A HUMAN BABY CAN'T COMPETE WITH THAT.
WE JUST WANT OUR KID TO HAVE A CHANCE, DR. McCOY.
I PERFECTLY UNDERSTAND. BUT I'LL WARN YOU THAT LIFE FOR MUTANTS IS NOT ALL PEACHES AND DAISIES.
I CAN BARELY PUT ON MY PANTS WITH THESE PAWS, MUCH LESS HOLD A PENCIL OR TYPE. SECONDARY MUTATIONS ARE UNPREDICTABLE.
FOR ALL I KNOW, YOUR NEIGHBOR'S CHILD MIGHT TURN INTO A PUDDLE OF QUANTUM GOO BY THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.
WE UNDERSTAND.
ALL RIGHTY THEN. PLOP YOUR BERRIES IN THE JUICER AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE WORKING WITH.
THIS MIGHT TICKLE A BIT.
OUCH!
I DID SAY "MIGHT."


THE SPERM WITH THE ORANGE GLOW CARRY THE X-GENE. JUST A DECADE AGO, ONLY ONE MAN IN TWENTY HAD ANY SPERM WITH THE GENE.
THIS YEAR, I'VE YET TO IDENTIFY A SINGLE FERTILE MALE WITHOUT ONE.
DOOM'S LAW: EVOLUTION ITSELF IS EVOLVING.
CAN YOU TELL WHAT SORT OF ABILITIES THEY'LL HAVE? WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE?
ANYTHING FROM BEING ABLE TO FLY OR STOP TIME...
...TO BEING BORN WITH NO BONES AND LIVING AN ENTIRE LIFE IN CONSTANT ANGUISH.
THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO TELL.

SO, DID YOU GET NUMBERS FROM ANY OF THOSE GIRLS LAST NIGHT, BEAK?
ANGEL, I...DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT--
'CUZ I WAS THINKING THAT ONE ON THE RIGHT WAS PRETTY HOT.
UHH... YEAH?
YES.
UM... OKAY...
I ALSO LIKED THAT OTHER ONE WITH THE HA--
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
SHE HIT ME!
IT WASN'T ME! NO-GIRL DID IT!
YEAH, NO-GIRL DID IT!
DON'T YOU GIVE ME NONE OF THAT NO-GIRL NONSENSE. FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT FOR TEN MINUTES, YOU TWO.
WHERE ARE THEY GETTING THAT FROM, ANYHOW? I HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT NO-GIRL IN YEARS.
WAS IT ALL A JOKE OR DID WE ACTUALLY BELIEVE IN HER? I CAN'T REMEMBER...

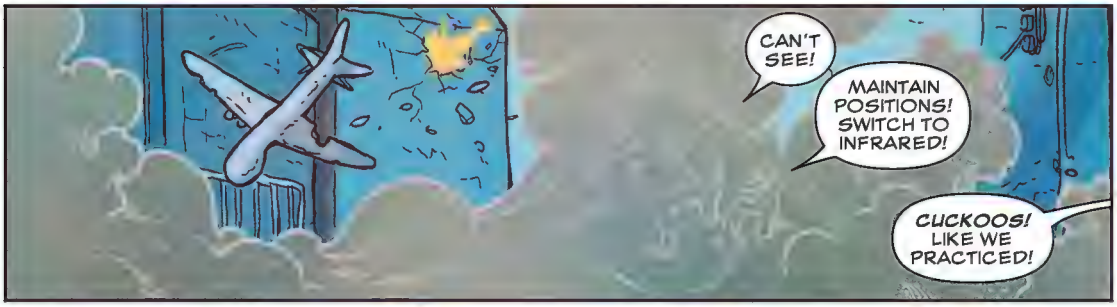

XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING
SCOTT, IS THIS ABOUT JEAN?
NO. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I SAW IN HER, EMMA. OTHER THAN EVERYTHING. MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE HAIR.
HOW MANY REDHEADS DID I END UP MARRYING, ANYWAY?
UFF. WHO COULD POSSIBLY CARE ABOUT ANY OF THAT?
NOT ME. NOT ANYMORE.
SINCE THE PROFESSOR DIED, WE'VE MADE SO MUCH PROGRESS...I FEEL LIKE I'M BETRAYING CHARLES' DREAM FOR NOT EMBRACING IT.
BUT I ALSO FEEL LIKE I'D BE BETRAYING CHARLES HIMSELF IF I EVER SIDED WITH MAGNETO.
YOU SOUND LIKE A PUNK KID WHO'S DEPRESSED THAT HIS FAVORITE UNDERGROUND BAND FINALLY GOT POPULAR.
SCOTT, YOU'VE GOT A FABULOUS WOMAN WITH DIAMOND SKIN AND YOU CAN SHOOT LASERS FROM YOUR EYES.
HOW BAD COULD IT BE?

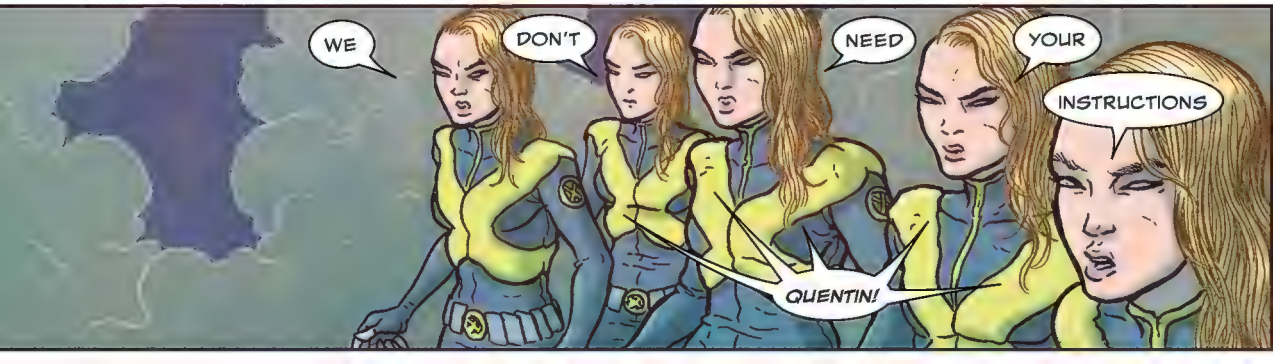

THAT ONE BLAST LAST NIGHT, WHEN I FREED YOU FROM SOORAYA? IT TOOK EVERYTHING OUT OF ME. IT FEELS LIKE IT'LL TAKE ME ANOTHER WHOLE DAY TO RECHARGE.
AND WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS-- TECHNICALLY THEY'RE NOT LASERS, THEY'RE OPTIC FOR--
STOP.
I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
LOOK AT THE TV AND THINK ABOUT IT TURNING ON.
I DON'T...
KLK --YLINDER ENGINE AND FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE POWER!
WHOA!
NOW CHANGE THE CHANNEL.
BLINK --RUTAL LEBELL LOCK FROM THE GERMAN FLYSNATCHER!
ARE YOU DOING THAT?
NO, I MEANT ARE YOU PUSHING MY VISOR BUTTON?
NO, YOU ARE. I'M JUST GIVING YOU A PUSH TO HELP YOUR NEURONS FIGURE OUT HOW.
OH. YES.
THIS.
OH! AND A STUNNING REVERSAL FROM--
BLINK
IS.
--EASY PAYMENTS OF NINETEEN NINETY--
BLINK
AMAZING.
--WE GOING TO DO WHEN THE COLLEGES GET SO CLOGGED WITH MUTANTS THAT NORMAL KIDS LIKE YOURS AND MINE CAN'T GET IN?
MY KID'S GOT A 4.0 AVERAGE--BUT IS THAT GOING TO BE ANY COMPETITION AGAINST A FREAK WHO CAN TURN--
KLK
WELL, I GUESS MAGNETO HASN'T STOMPED OUT ALL BIGOTRY JUST YET.
I BET THAT GUY WOULD BE WORRIED THAT I'M GOING TO PUT REMOTE CONTROL FACTORIES OUT OF BUSINESS.
SCOTT, MY DEAR. YOU'RE THINKING TOO SMALL.
THIS COULD PUT EVERYONE OUT OF BUSINESS.


the Atom Institute,
THE DANGER ROOM.
YOU'VE BEEN BROUGHT HERE BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST OF THE BEST. YOU ARE *EXCEPTIONAL*. THE SMARTEST, FASTEST, STRONGEST, MOST CREATIVE, MOST TALENTED YOUNG PEOPLE THIS WORLD HAS TO OFFER.
THE MOST AMAZING BEINGS WHO HAVE *EVER* WALKED THIS EARTH.
AND *YOUR* CHILDREN WILL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE *SIMPLETONS*.
HUMANITY HAS ITS HEAD IN THE SAND. MOST OF THEM ARE *UNABLE* OR *UNWILLING* TO ADMIT THAT THEIR TIME AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN IS *OVER*.
BUT WE MUST BE EVER VIGILANT. WHEN THE HUMAN RACE FULLY REALIZES THAT IT HAS BEEN SUPPLANTED, IT WILL *PANIC*.
SOME WILL ROLL OVER AND *DIE*. OTHERS WILL REACT LIKE *TRAPPED ANIMALS*...

...AND ATTACK!
PARK

SOORAYA! SET UP A SAND SCREEN!
AS YOU WISH.

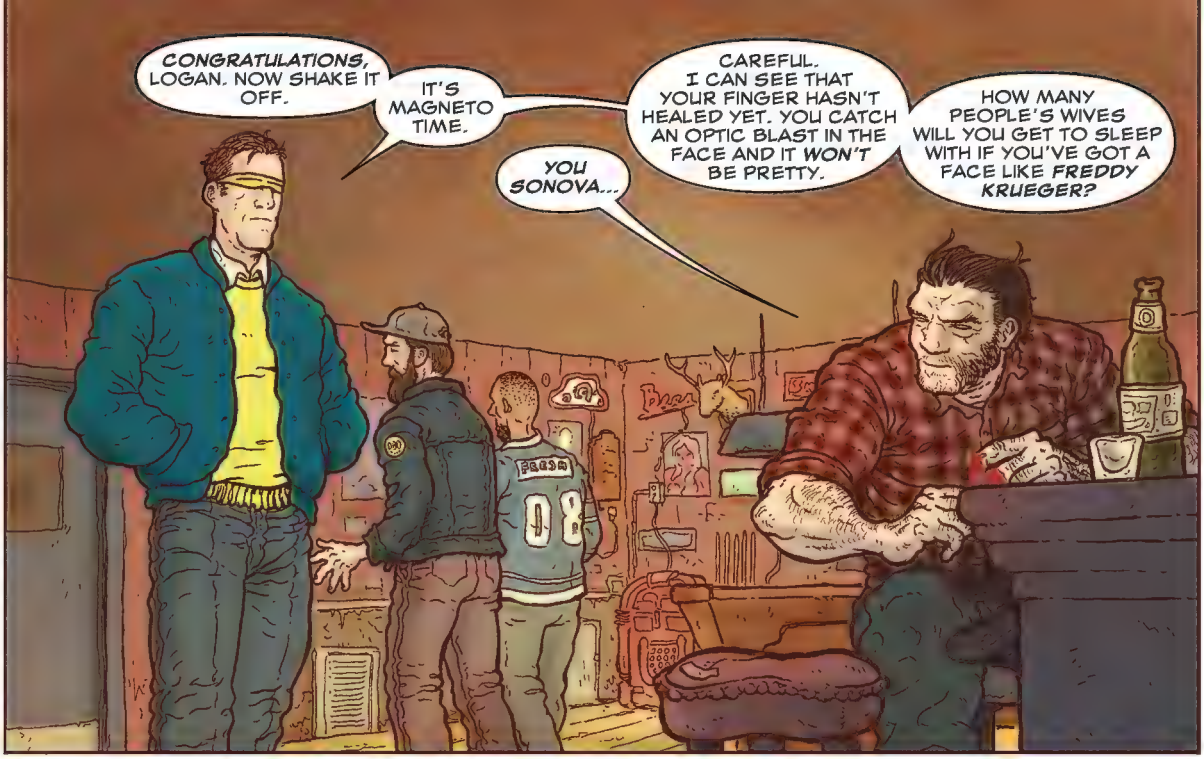

CAN'T SEE!
MAINTAIN POSITIONS! SWITCH TO INFRARED!
CUCKOOS! LIKE WE PRACTICED!


WE
DON'T
NEED
YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS
QUENTIN!

OH, MY DOOM, IT'S WORKING!
THE PSYCHIC CONNECTION TO EVERY GRAIN OF SOORAYA...!
I CAN SEE IN 360 DEGREES!
THOSE SOLDIERS ARE JUST ABOUT ON TOP OF US.
I GOT YOU, SUCKA.
PTUUGHH!
SSSSSSS
WHA--?!
UKKKK!
BOOM!
UNHHH!

CAN'T...
...HOLD...
...IT...
...MUCH...
...LONGER...
I THINK WE'VE GOT IT ALMOST WRAPPED UP...
...CYCLOPS!
LAST ONE!
WHU--?!
AGHH!
DUDE. I TOLD YOU. THAT NAME'S NOT GOING TO STICK.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH "CYCLOPS"? IT'S COOL. RETRO, MAN.
GLOB, I DON'T WANT THE SAME NAME AS SOME OLD DOOFUS. EVEN IF HE DOES HAVE A WIFE WHO'S ALWAYS HALF-NAKED. HYUKK!
YOU OKAY?
WE'VE NEVER BEEN SO EXHAUSTED.
BUT WE'LL LIVE.
YOU'RE PUSHING THEM HARD, QUENTIN. A LITTLE TOO HARD.
GOOD.

Later.
HARRY'S HIDEAWAY.
YOU'RE THE WOLVERINE, AIN'T CHA?
...
I TELL YOU WHAT, WOLVIE, WHOEVER GAVE YOU THAT NAME MUSTA BEEN BLIND...
...'CUZ YOU LOOK LIKE A FREAKIN' OWL!
HAHAHAHA! SPIN YOUR HEAD AROUND! SPIN YOUR HEAD AROUND!
IT AIN'T THE HAIRDO THAT GAVE ME THE NAME, BUB.
ANYHOW, YOU LOOK LIKE THIS BOTTLE.
AN' IF YOU KEEP MOUTHIN' OFF, YOU'RE GONNA LOOK LIKE THIS BOTTLE.
DIG?
SLICE
GEEZ, PAL. SOMEONE MAKES A JOKE AND YOUR FIRST INSTINCT IS TO THREATEN MURDER?
IF YOU WEREN'T, LIKE, EIGHT FEET TALL, I'D SAY YOU GOT A SERIOUS NAPOLEON COMPLEX.
WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH THAT, ANYWAY? WAS YOUR SECONDARY MUTATION JUST A GROWTH SPURT?
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY SECONDARY MUTATION IS THE ABILITY TO GET WASTED.

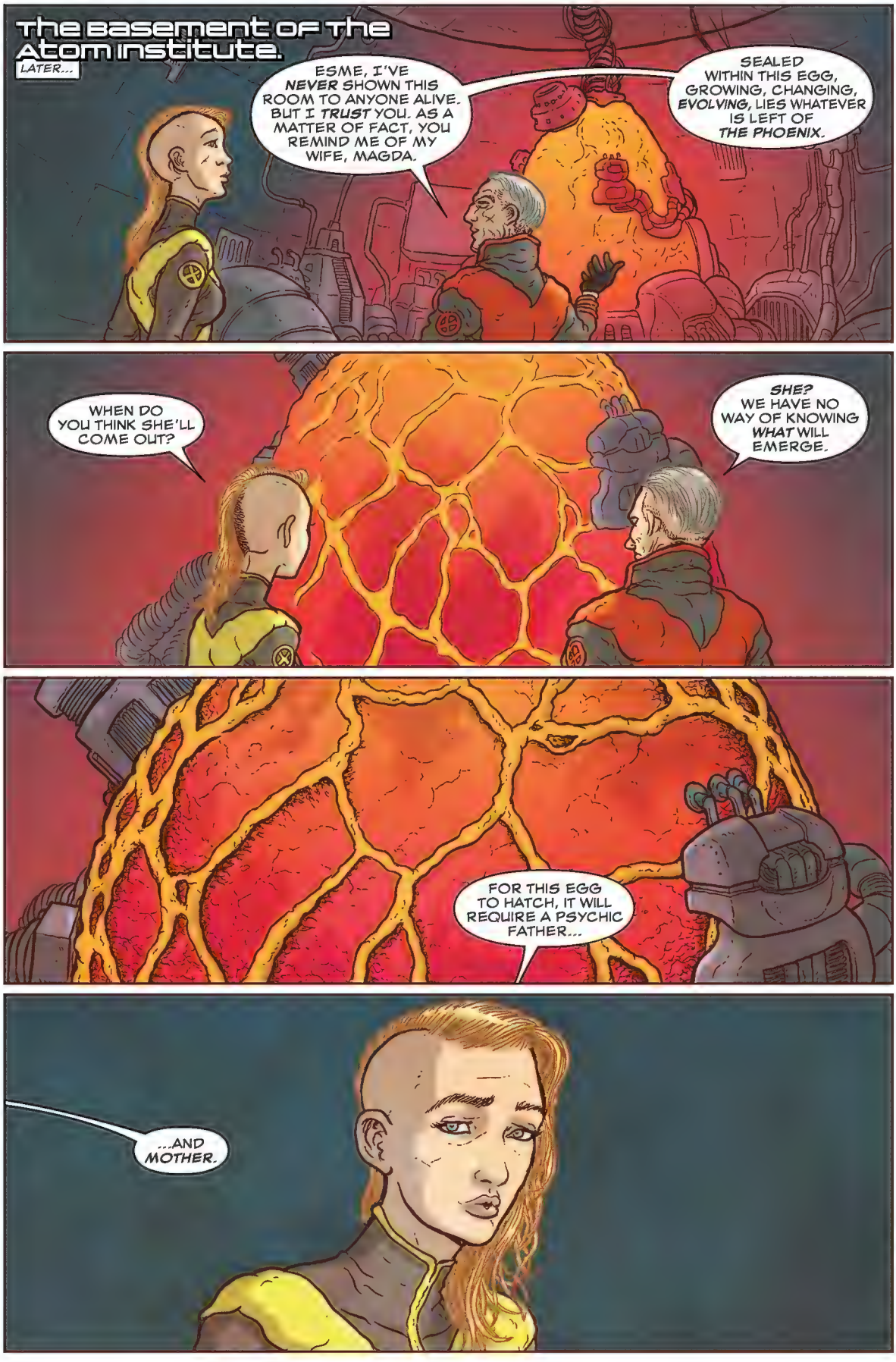

CONGRATULATIONS, LOGAN. NOW SHAKE IT OFF.
IT'S MAGNETO TIME.
CAREFUL. I CAN SEE THAT YOUR FINGER HASN'T HEALED YET. YOU CATCH AN OPTIC BLAST IN THE FACE AND IT WON'T BE PRETTY.
HOW MANY PEOPLE'S WIVES WILL YOU GET TO SLEEP WITH IF YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE FREDDY KRUEGER?
YOU SONOVA...

YOU'RE BLUFFING. YOUR OPTIC BLASTS ARE AS SHOT AS MY HEALING FACTOR. YOU COULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A SUN TAN.

I CERTAINLY COULD. I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE GEORGE HAMILTON.
WHO NEEDS SENTINELS WHEN SKIN CANCER WILL DO, EH?

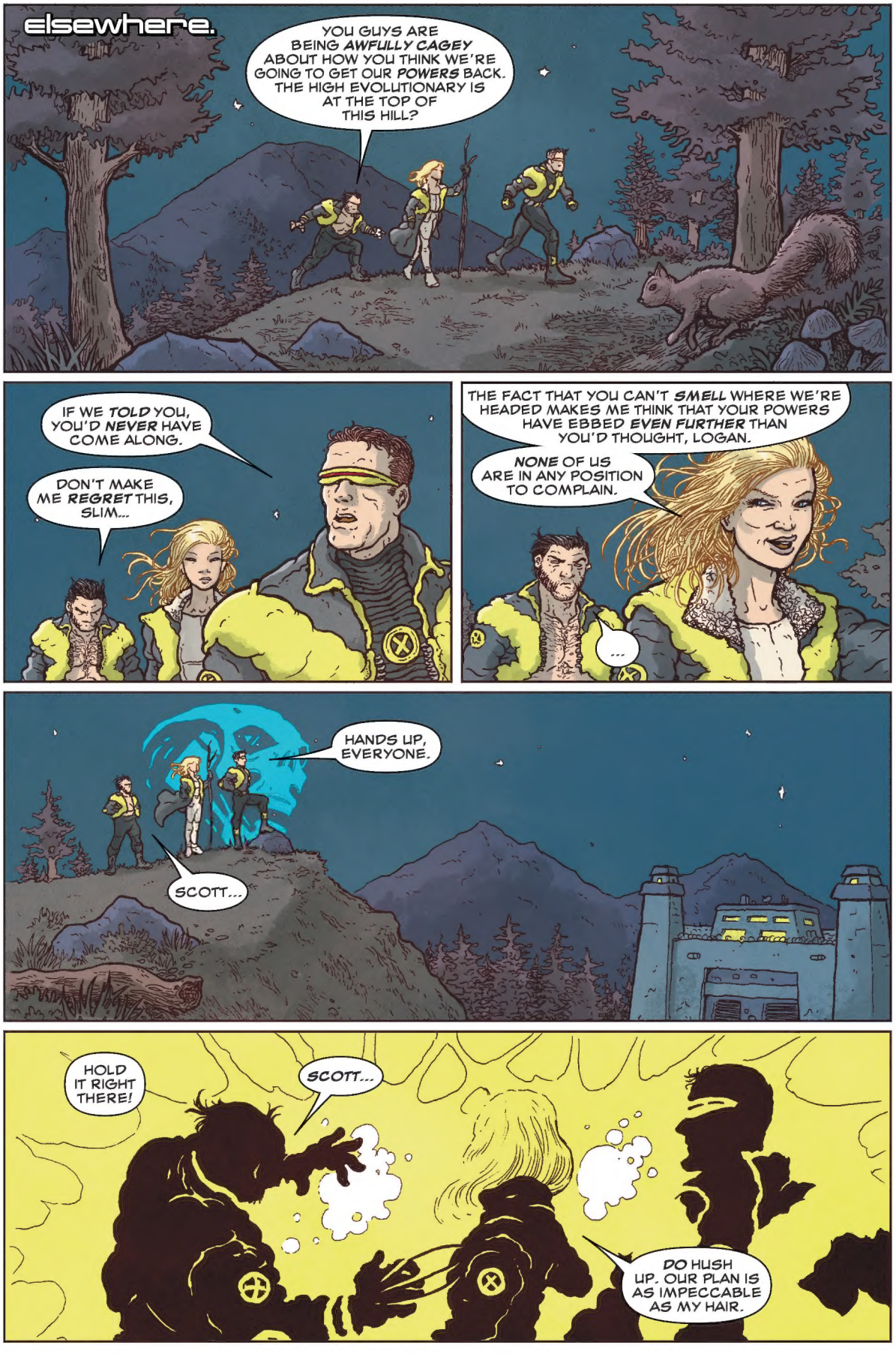
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, SLIM? MAGNETO? AGAIN? WHY? HE WON. FAIR AND SQUARE.
HE'S GOT JEAN LOCKED UP IN HIS SCHOOL. WE'VE GOT A MAN ON THE INSIDE.

DAMMIT.

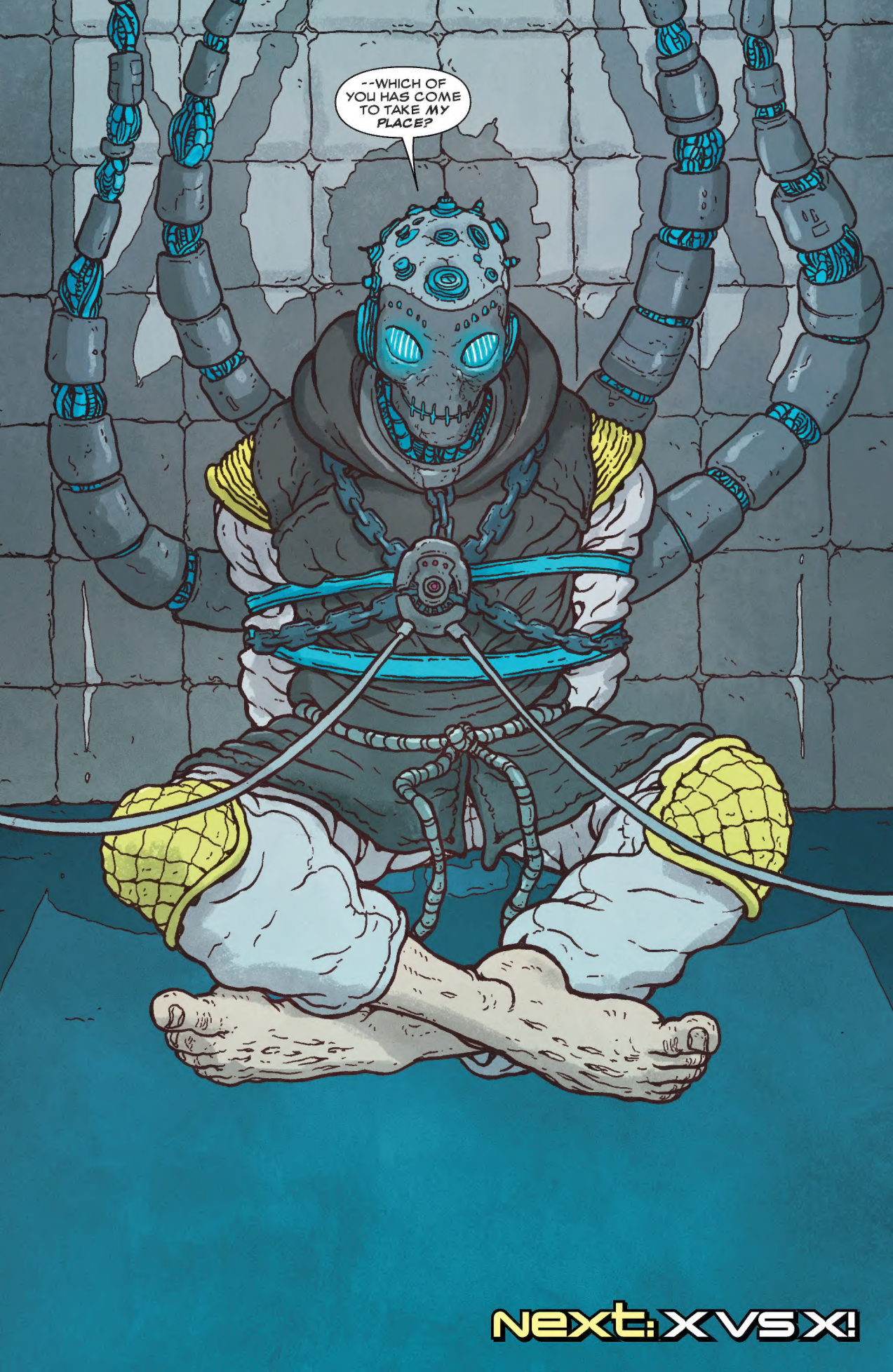

The Basement of The Atom Institute.
LATER...
ESME, I'VE NEVER SHOWN THIS ROOM TO ANYONE ALIVE. BUT I TRUST YOU. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU REMIND ME OF MY WIFE, MAGDA.
SEALED WITHIN THIS EGG, GROWING, CHANGING, EVOLVING, LIES WHATEVER IS LEFT OF THE PHOENIX.
WHEN DO YOU THINK SHE'LL COME OUT?
SHE? WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT WILL EMERGE.
FOR THIS EGG TO HATCH, IT WILL REQUIRE A PSYCHIC FATHER...
...AND MOTHER.

district x.
MEANWHILE...
CLNG
HONK
HONK
HANK...

...IT'S ME.
THAT VOICE...
NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD--?
--OH MY STARS AND GARTERS...!
...YOU'RE ME!


elsewhere.
YOU GUYS ARE BEING AWFULLY CAGEY ABOUT HOW YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET OUR POWERS BACK. THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY IS AT THE TOP OF THIS HILL?
IF WE TOLD YOU, YOU'D NEVER HAVE COME ALONG.
DON'T MAKE ME REGRET THIS, SLIM...
THE FACT THAT YOU CAN'T SMELL WHERE WE'RE HEADED MAKES ME THINK THAT YOUR POWERS HAVE EBBED EVEN FURTHER THAN YOU'D THOUGHT, LOGAN.
NONE OF US ARE IN ANY POSITION TO COMPLAIN.
...
HANDS UP, EVERYONE.
SCOTT...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
SCOTT...
DO HUSH UP. OUR PLAN IS AS IMPECCABLE AS MY HAIR.

HOLY--! IT'S THE OLD X-MEN!
CLASSIC X-MEN.
NAW, I THINK OLD IS RIGHT.
GET THOSE GUNS OUT OF MY FACE, U-MEN, AND TAKE US TO THE MAN IN THE MASK.
BLINK
UHHH... OKAY?
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED.
SIMPLE HYPNOSIS.
BETTER THAN A REMOTE CONTROL, DARLING.
OPEN SESAME.
MY FRIENDS! A MOST AUSPICIOUS SURPRISE--!



Next: XvsX!